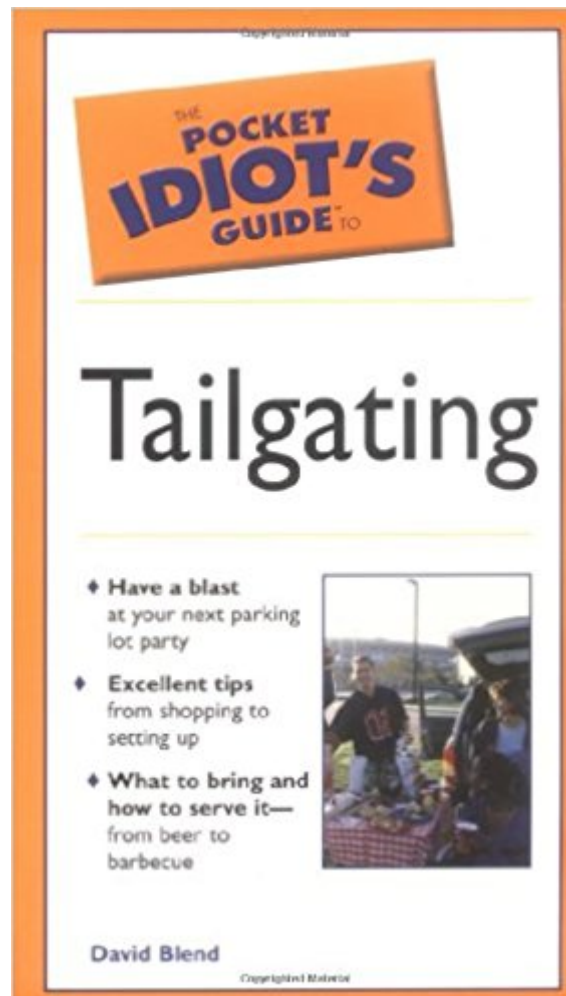




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Pocket Idiot's Guide To Tailgating



Synopsis

Tailgating is defined, by the American Tailgater Website thusly: "To participate in a picnic that is served from the tailgate of a vehicle, as before a sports event." The Pocket Idiot's Guide to Tailgating will be the ultimate and ONLY book you'll need to planning and executing--and attending--a tailgate party. The author will offer excellent advice on the best kinds of barbeque equipment, such as gas grills versus charcoal grills, coolers, and where to go to purchase the best tailgating accessories. He also offers up cooking tips, deciding what best to cook, and discusses the special equipment for battling the elements (shades, tarps, space heaters). More importantly, the book will also feature invaluable tips on perhaps the most important element of tailgating: drinking. We'll show you how to mooch beer from other peoples' kegs (and keeping fellow moochers away from yours), how best to tap a keg, how to keep a keg from going flat, and how to hoist a keg without ruining your back. Additionally, the book will feature a crucial section on hangover prevention and cures, with science backed by a prominent expert on the study of hangovers, Dr. Jeffrey Weise, of Tulane University. All of this, plus much, much more, will be cram-packed into 192 fun-filled and informative book pages.

Book Information

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Customer Reviews

David Blend is a New York based writer who has written for such magazines as Maxim, Details, Stuff, Men's Journal, and Mademoiselle. He edited Maxim's popular book, "The Handbook of

Seduction" though, he says, "I haven't quite succeeded in practically implementing." He also wrote the popular "Cocktail Hour," a weekly column for the Dallas-based Met Magazine. This is Mr. Blend's second book. He cannot promise it will be his last.

As book reviewers go, Tim Rogers (see below and then see further below) makes VoodooLord7 look like javagirl24, on a good day. His reviews are mean-spirited and thinly veiled axe-grinding. Just because Mr. Rogers is pale, pasty, and balding does not mean that everyone else who reads books is obsessed with personal appearances. In my previous review of Tim Rogers' review of David Blend's Rosie Pocket Tail Guide, I happened to mention David Blend's bitchin' fro. You would, too, if you saw it, believe you me. But one should in no way at all infer that I am fixated on style over substance, not like some reviewers who review reviews. (Mr. Rogers, I'm looking in your direction.) I value an author's work for other reasons: Is he or she a nice person? Am I related to the author? Does the author have a funny-sounding name? Is the author wealthy, and, if so, does the author frown upon paying a book reviewer for a positive review? In short, buy this book. Even, perhaps especially, if you're fat.

Forgive me for interjecting here; I, too, am familiar with the author's work. Likewise, I have followed the reviews of Tim Rogers and Adam McGill (see below) for some time; without exception, I have found them to be elegant and insightful, if not a bit over-reliant on the semi-colon. But I must take exception to Mr. McGill's continued fixation on Mr. Blend's hair; aside from poor form, it's also embarrassing. For those of you who have not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. McGill, he is a bit of a worm; he also remains an ardent advocate of globalization and the "new humanism." Making matters worse, at no time in his review does he actually engage the content of Mr. Blend's latest book, in particular its controversial analysis of the drip-free grill. A glaring oversight; no doubt, one he now regrets.

Dave Blend is a master writer. Funny, side-splitting and a hell of a guy, Dave makes me want to pack it up and move back home to Texas with his savory words about yummy BBQ! I can tell you that his book has also pleased many Alabamians. They take their tailgating mighty seriously down there, and his book has entertained my family and their friends. He has successfully pulled together the South and the Lone Star State into BBQ solidarity. We need to all go in on an RV, grab a little Salt Lick sauce, and watch some football. Thanks for this tome to BBQ and inspiring me to watch more Crimson Tide (and of course my Longhorns). If one can get me to watch football and like it...

then that ONE is a great writer who should be showered with publishers, wanting all his novels.

This review concerns Adam McGill's review of my review of David Blend's book, the one about Tailhook or something (see below). It is rather ironic that Mr. McGill should find fault in my review for failing to mention Mr. Blend's bitchin' afro. Anyone who read Mr. McGill's slipshod review of Christine Northrup's "Women's Bodies, Women's Wisdom" knows of what I speak. How anyone could review that book without noting that Dr. Northrup is quite a looker for a woman of her age is beyond me. This glaring omission calls into question the helpfulness of every review ever written by Mr. McGill, including his review of my review. Plus, I happen to know for a fact that Mr. McGill has recently taken up with a Republican.

I don't know any of you people, but I do know this: An author's predilection towards alcohol and 1970s grooming habits in no way influences the quality or themes of his work. For instance, the late Robert H. Heinlein, a favorite of mine both for his visionary glimpses into a future that has already come to pass, and his knowledge of "Nth Dimensional Non-Euclidean Geometry" (would that more writers would familiarize themselves with that subject--hint, hint, Tom Brokaw!), was an avid gardener, yet that didn't keep him from writing bravely on the subject of sex (Heinlein was vastly underrated as an eroticist) and interstellar revolution. My point? Maybe if everyone read a little more erotic science fiction, we wouldn't be so worried about how much people drink and what they look like!

Forgive me for interjecting here; I, too, am familiar with the author's work. Likewise, I have followed the reviews of Tim Rogers and Adam McGill (see below) for some time; without exception, I have found them to be elegant and insightful, if not a bit over-reliant on the semi-colon. But I must take exception to Mr. McGill's continued fixation on Mr. Blend's hair; aside from poor form, it's also embarrassing. For those of you who have not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. McGill, he is a bit of a worm; he also remains an ardent advocate of globalization and the "new humanism." Making matters worse, at no time in his review does he actually engage the content of Mr. Blend's latest book, in particular its controversial analysis of the drip-free grill. A glaring oversight; no doubt, one he now regrets.

Author D. Blend is the Borges of North American meat writers. Innovative and complex, his work is the literary equivalent of a fine, artisan whiskey. To find respite after a week of toil, drop an old

Coltrane record on the turntable, decant a glass of Corsair 9 Grain bourbon (over ice), and peruse David's exegesis of the tailgating arts.

This review concerns Tim Rogers' review of David Blend's book, Tailgating Or Something Or Other. I, too, know the author of the book. I also know the author of the review. I think Mr. Rogers chose to focus on an unnecessary, though unavoidable, element of Mr. Blend's personality. Yes, the man can drink. Both men can, in fact. But isn't it also important to note that Mr. Blend can, when he chooses, have a totally bitchin' 'fro? A review that fails to mention this fact does a disservice to the readers of that review and potential readers of the book that is being reviewed.

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